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THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

(Continued.)

XIV. JOHN MACLEOD of Harris and Dunvegan, on the 9th of November, 1626, was served heir to his father, Sir Roderick Macleod, in the various lands forming the Barony of Dunvegan, including the Castle of that name, and five *unciate* of the lands of Waternish of the old extent of £18 13s. 4d., and infest in the whole family estates, on a precept from Chancery. He was afterwards, on a decret of the Privy Council of Scotland, proceeding on the contract, already referred to, entered into by his father, Sir Roderick, with the Earl of Argyll, obliged to resign his lands of Glenelg into the King's hands, in favour of the Earl's son and successor, and to take a charter of it, holding it of him, while he had to pay him 20,000 merks for taxing the ward, marriage, and relief, by which tenure it was held by the Macleods of Dunvegan. During the reign of John Macleod, some difficulty arose between the Island Chiefs and the Court, in connection with the fishings on their coasts. The landowners were charged with exacting sundry duties from His Majesty's subjects, to their great prejudice, when fishing in the West; and, also, with "bringing in strangers and loading the vessels with fish and other native commodities, contrary to our laws." Charles the First wrote a letter to the Privy Council, dated the 26th of May, 1634, requested their lord-

ships to call before them "the landlords of the Isles where the fishing is, and taking account of them by knowing upon what warrant they take these duties." The Privy Council appointed the Lord of Lorn and the Bishop of the Isles to make the enquiry demanded by the King. These gentlemen appeared personally before the Lords of the Privy Council at Edinburgh, on the 20th of November following, and handed in a report at Inveraray, dated the 9th of August. Here, in response to the summonses calling upon them to appear before the Commissioners, the following landlords and heritors presented themselves for examination:—Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat; John Macleod of Harris and Dunvegan; John Macdonald, Captain of Clanranald; Neil MacNeil of Barra; Sir Lauchlan Maclean of Movern; Murdoch Maclean of Lochbuy; Lauchlan Maclean of Coll; and Lauchlan, son of Charles Mackinnon, for the laird of that ilk. Each was asked in turn by the Commissioners what duties they exacted from people fishing on their respective coasts, when Sir Donald Macdonald; John Macleod of Dunvegan; the Captain of Clanranald; and Neil MacNeil of Barra, declared *viva voce*—"that it was the ancient custom, before the date of the contract after-specified (which they think to be about years or thereby), for everyone of them in whose bounds the herring fishing fell out, to exact of every bark and ship resorting thereto, for anchorage or ground lease, *one barrell of ale or meal*, in the owner's option; and, for each anchor laid on shore, *six shillings and eightpence*; and, out of every last of herring slain there, *three pounds of money*; together *with the benefit of every Saturday's fishing*; and that now they exact, only, from His Majesty's subjects of the Association, for each ship and bark that comes to the herring fishing, *thirty-six shillings*, Scots money; and, for each ship that comes to the gray and white fishing, *twenty merks*; and this for anchorage and ground lease, conform to a contract passed between the said Sir Donald, John MacRanald [of Clanranald] and [the] umquhile Sir Rorie Macleod, and some others of the Islanders, on the one part, and certain of the Burghs in the East country on the other part, in 1620 or thereby." In answer to questions, they maintained that they were entitled to make the charges complained of, in terms of this contract; that they uplifted the duties, being heritors

of the grounds, and, therefore, entitled to do so, it being an ancient custom past memory of man. The other Chiefs named, declared that there were no fishings within their bounds, but, if there were, "they would be content to exact no more than the said North Islanders do"! The document is signed by all those whose names are mentioned in the body of it, as well as by Lord Lorn and the Bishop of the Isles—Macneil, Maclean of Coll, and Lauchlan Mackinnon, declaring that *their* names were written "at our commands, because we cannot write ourselves."

On the 7th of August, 1635, a Proclamation was issued in which it stated that "great insolencies" had been committed upon His Majesty's subjects, fishing in the Isles, by the Islanders coming in troops and companies to the lochs where the fish are taken, and there violently spoiling the King's subjects of their fish, "and sometimes of their victuals and other furniture; pursues them of their lives, breaks the shoals of the herring, and commits more insolencies upon them, to the great hinder and disappointing of the fishing, hurt of His Majesty's subjects, to the contempt of his Majesty's authority and laws"; for the preventing of which disorders John Macleod of Dunvegan and the others named, this time including the Earl of Seaforth and Sir Donald Campbell of Ardnamurchan, in addition to those named in the previously quoted document, are charged; "that none of them presume nor take upon hands to give warrant to any persons whatsoever under them, but to such for whose good rule they will be answerable. These documents show the nature of the claims made by the land-owners of those days even to the shoals of herring that frequented their coasts.

On the 19th of September, 1628, John Macleod of Dunvegan entered into a contract with the Earl of Seaforth, Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, John Macdonald of Clanranald, Sir Lauchlan Mackinnon of Strath, and Alexander Macleod of Raasay, for the preservation of deer and other game on their respective estates, and for the punishment of any persons trespassing in pursuit of game. The agreement is, in many respects, so like our modern game laws, including the provision that one witness shall be sufficient to procure a conviction, that we give it almost entire, simply modernising the orthography. Having given the names of the

contracting parties by whom, "It is condescended, contracted, finally and mutually agreed and ended" between them, the document proceeds as follows :—

"That is to say, for as much as there has been diverse and sundry good Acts of Parliament made by His Majesty's predecessors, Kings of Scotland of worthy memory, wherein shooting with guns, bows and hounds, are absolutely forbidden for slaying and shooting of deer and roe and other beasts pasturing within His Majesty's bounds of Scotland as, at more length is contained in the said Acts of Parliament; for keeping and fulfilling whereof and for preserving and keeping the deer and roes within everyone of the honorable parties' forests, Isles and bounds, alive, and for keeping good society and neighbourhood among them; wit ye that the said honorable parties are hereby become bound and obliged, like as by the tenor hereof they faithfully bind and oblige them each one of them for their own parts and taking the full burden in and upon them respectively for their whole kin, men-tenants, and countrymen within every one of their bounds and isles, that they nor either of them, their kin, friends, men-tenants nor countrymen, shall nowise hereafter in time coming, presume nor take upon hand to hunt with dogs, to slay with hagbut or bow, any hart, hind, deer, roe, or doe, or any other beasts, either of the said honorable parties' forests, either on the continent, main, or isles, pertaining to either of the said honorable parties, without special license had and obtained in writing of the superior of the forest to the forrester of the forest; and whatsoever person, gentleman-tenant, or common countryman that presumes hereafter to hunt with dogs, shoot with guns or bow, any deer or roe in either of the foresaid honorable parties' forests, without the said license, purchased at the said superior's hands, the offender gentle [man] breaker of this contract and condescending shall hereby be bound and obliged to pay and deliver to the honorable party, owner of the forest, for the first fault, the sum of one hundred merks money of this realm, and the hagbut or bow to be taken from him and to be delivered to the superior of the forest in whose bounds, forest, or isles, the same wrong and contempt [may] be committed and done, and *toties quoties* for every breach of this present contract and condescending; the tenant to be hereby such-like bound and obliged to pay and deliver to the party, owner of the forest, for the first fault, the sum of forty pounds money, and the hagbut to the superior of the forest, and *toties quoties* for every breach of this present contract; and whatsoever common man or any other straggling person that [may] be found carrying a hagbut or bow through any of the said honorable parties' forests

for slaying deer or roe, and that he be not solvendo, nor worthy the unlaw to be imposed upon him for his contempt, the hagbut or bow [is] to be delivered to the superior of the forest where he shall happen to be found and his body [is] to be punished according as pleases the superior of the forest: Like as it is condescended by the said honorable parties in respect that many witnesses do not haunt nor travel through the said forests by reason the same is far distant and spacious from them, *that one witness shall be sufficient probation* against whatsoever person that [may] be found in manner foresaid in either of the said honorable parties' forests with hagbut, bow, or hound, and the party challenging and delaying to have for his pains and reward the third of the offender's fine, and the hagbut to the superior: Such-like the foresaid honorable parties are hereby become bound and obliged, like as they by the tenor hereof bind and oblige themselves, to deliver the transgressor and offender to the effect the party wronged and offended may censure and fine him according to the gravity of his contempt and fault, after trial thereof by famous and honest men; and [that] the party offending be presented to the said superior offended within fifteen days after the wrong is committed, under the pain of one hundred pounds money foresaid to be paid to the party wronged and offended, by the superior of him who commits the wrong and contempt of this present contract; and what the said famous and honest men after trial discerns [against] the transgressor for his fine and contempt, his superior shall be hereby bound and obliged to deliver to the honorable party wronged and offended his readiest goods and gear; aye, and until the honorable party wronged and offended be completely paid of the offender's fine, under the like pains of one hundred pounds *toties quoties*: And, finally, it is hereby specially condescended with consent of the said honorable parties above written that none or either of their countrymen or people shall take their course by boats, either to the lochs or harbours within the forests of Lewis and Harris, excepting the Lochs of Herisole in Lewis pertaining to the said noble earl; the Loch of Tarbert in Harris, pertaining to the said John Macleod; Lochmaddy, Lochefort, Loch-Mhic-Phail, and Kilrona in Uist, pertaining to the said Sir Donald Macdonald, in case they be not driven and distressed by stress of weather; and in case they be driven and distressed by stress of weather in any other lochs within the Islands of Lewis and Harris, it is hereby condescended that the kepage of every boat that shall happen to come in with their boats to any of the lochs above-written (except before excepted) with hagbuts, bows, or dog, shall not pass nor travel from their boats one pair of 'buttis'; and if any be found with gun, bow, or dog, to exceed the said bounds, hereby [he] shall be holden as an

offender and 'contempnar' of this present contract and condescending, and to be punished and fined as is above-written ; and ordains this present minute of contract and condescending to be put in more ample form if need require."

The usual agreement follows—to have the document registered in the Books of Council, that it shall have the strength of a Decree of their Lordships, and that Letters of execution, poinding, and horning may follow thereon, "on a charge of ten days," in the usual form. It is subscribed by all the parties thereto, and witnessed by John Mackenzie of Lochslinn ; William Macleod of Tallisker ; John Mackenzie of Fairburn ; and John Nicolson and John Ross, Notars.

John Macleod, on account of his great strength and size, was known among his countrymen as "Ian Mor," or Big John. He has a charter, under the Great Seal, of the lands and barony of Dunvegan, Glenelg, and others, dated the 11th of June, 1634. He was a great loyalist, strongly attached to the interests of Charles I., who wrote him a very friendly and kindly letter, dated Durham, the 2nd of May, 1639, thanking him for his services and promising him his constant favour. He continued in his loyalty all his life, though he appears to have refused to join Montrose. This may be accounted for from the fact that Alexander Macdonald, Montrose's Lieutenant, devastated the lands of the Earl of Argyll, who was Macleod's Superior in large portions of his estates. He is said to have been a most benevolent man, remarkable for his piety, and to have been at great pains to improve the morals and civilize his countrymen, who seem to have been much in need of it ; for he secured for himself the designation of "Lot in Sodom," to indicate the contrast between his manner of life and that of those by whom he was surrounded in the Isles. He appears in the Valuation Roll for the County of Inverness, in 1644, as "Sir John Macleod of Dunvegan," his rental in Skye being, in that year, £7000 Scots., the highest rented proprietor appearing in the County at that time. His four brothers appear on the same Roll:—Roderick (of Tallisker), in Eynort and Bracadale, at £1200 ; Norman (afterwards Sir Norman of Bernera), in the Parish of Kilbride, at £533 6s. 8d. ; William (of Hamer), in Kilmuir, at the same sum ; and Donald, of Greshornish, at £666

13s. 4d., all Scots money. Macleod of Raasay's rental, at the same date, was exactly the same amount as Donald's of Greshornish.

John Macleod married Sibella, daughter of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, by his second wife, Isobel, daughter of Sir Gilbert Ogilvie of Powrie. She was thus half-sister of Colin, first, and full sister of George, second Earl of Seaforth. By her (who, as her second husband, married Alexander Fraser, Tutor of Lovat; and, as her third husband, Patrick Grant, Tutor of Grant), Macleod had issue, two sons and five daughters:—

1. Roderick, his heir and successor.
2. John, who succeeded his brother, Roderick.
3. Mary, who married, first, as his second wife, her cousin, Sir James Macdonald, ninth of Sleat, with issue, John Macdonald of Backney. She married, secondly, Muir of Rowallson.
4. Marion, who married her cousin, Donald Macdonald, eleventh of Clanranald, with issue, among others, Allan and Ranald, twelfth and thirteenth Chiefs of the family in succession. Her husband died at Canna in 1686, and her son, Allan, was killed at Sheriff-Muir.
5. Giles, or Julian, who married, first, Sir Allan Maclean, third Baronet of Morvern and Duart, with surviving issue—Sir John Maclean, fourth Baronet, who fought, when quite a young man, under Dundee, at Killiecrankie, and, afterwards, led his Clan to Sheriff-Muir, where he fought at their head under the Earl of Mar. She married, secondly, Campbell of Glendaruel.
6. Sybella, who married Thomas Fraser of Beaufort, tenth Lord Lovat, with issue, among others, Simon Lord Lovat, beheaded in 1746, for his part in the Rising of 1745; and Alexander, from whom John Fraser of Wales, the claimant to the Lovat honours and estates, claims descent.
7. Margaret, who married Sir James Campbell of Lawers, without issue.

John Macleod died early in September, 1649, when he was succeeded by his eldest son.

(To be continued.)

TREE MYTHS AND FOREST LORE.

[BY WILLIAM DURIE.]

IV.

VI.—DEATH.

LIKE the newspaper announcements, death is here treated after marriage. Trees have been called the *most living* symbols of life. Immortality has been held typified in the revival of the trees in spring, notwithstanding the paraphrased language of Job :—

“The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again,
But man forsakes this earthly scene,
Ah ! never to return.”

The mournful appearance of some trees, such as the cypress and the weeping willow, has rendered appropriate their dedication to the dead. The old Romans had a complete rubric for the employment of certain trees for funerary purposes. When a man fell sick, a branch of laurel was hung over the door of the house in compliment to Apollo, the god of medicine. If the sickness ended in death, the laurel was taken down, and black boughs of cypress (emblem of Pluto, god of the lower regions) were substituted, or boughs of larch, which Pliny calls the funeral tree. Upon the coffin were placed wreaths of cypress leaves, decked with lilies and leaves of olive, laurel, and white poplar. And, during the procession to the grave, torches made of pine were burned, while the mourners, carrying sprigs of cypress, walked to the music of flutes, made only of boxwood. It has been supposed that the sprigs of cypress indicated the belief that the dead had died for ever.

The old Celtic inhabitants of our country, and some even yet, were so attached to trees, and thought man's life so intimately bound up with them, that they believed that for every tree cut down, somebody in the district would die in the same

year. The withering of the bay-laurel was once, in England, taken for an omen of death. In Richard II., Shakespeare has it:—

"'Tis thought the King is dead. We will not stay,
The bay-trees in our country are all withered."

The ancient Germans used to put hazel-nuts in tombs, as good auguries of regeneration and immortality, a practice still in force in some places. In Russia, when a coffin is being borne to the cemetery, it is covered with branches of pine or fir trees, because of their evergreen foliage, held symbolic of the immortality of the soul. Coles, in his *Introduction to the Knowledge of Plants*, says:—"Cypress garlands are of great account at funerals amongst the gentler sort in England, but rosemary and bays are used by the commons, both at funerals and weddings."

The Yew, a favourite church-yard tree, emblematic of the resurrection, is called, by Shakespeare, "The double fatal yew," because its leaves are poisonous, and its wood was used for bows. The German and Celtic tribes highly venerated it. "Here," says Ossian, "rests their dust, Cuchullin; these lonely yews sprang from their tomb, and shade them from the storm."

The Willow is the distinctively funerary tree of the Chinese. M. Schlegel tells us that it has been used by them for the last 3000 years to cover their coffins, and to be borne in the hands of mourners as the symbol of another life. Although with us its employment is not so extensive, its frequent use in church-yards testifies to the bond of union joining East and West in the matter of funeral observances.

VII.—WEATHER-LORE.

Before the days of meteorology, many superstitions, crediting trees with powerful influence in changes of weather, were current. These can be mainly reduced to the domain of fable—the cloud-dropping tree, the rain-producing tree, and the storm-compeller, being all obviously of a purely imaginary description. The Celts had a great regard for the Mountain Ash, which was thought a lucky tree. Fishermen used to fasten a small piece of it to their boat, as a charm to bring good weather and a good catch. It is by means of palm-tree leaves that the natives of Southern India pretend to invoke or drive away rain. In North Italy, laurel-leaves

are used to ascertain whether the crops will be good and the weather favourable. The leaves are burned ; if they crackle, there will be a good crop ; if not, bad. As a charm against thunderstorms, the country people round Venice hang an olive branch over the chimney, with this invocation :—

“ Holy Barbara and St. Simon,
Keep away the lightning-stroke ;
Keep away the rolling thunder,
Barbara, we thee invoke.”

The Romans believed the laurel a safeguard against lightning ; and the Germans ascribed the same virtue to the hawthorn.

VIII.—ANIMAL-LORE.

“ A Hindoo popular tale about the Bul-bul, a species of nightingale, tells us that this bird remained sitting for twelve years on a cotton-tree, refusing to share it with other birds, for fear they would pluck the expected fruit. When it saw the beautiful flourish come, it rejoiced, but it in vain expected the fruit, which never came. Then it was exposed to the ridicule of all the other birds whom it had chased from the tree.” In Alsace, the people used to blame the bat for spoiling the stork's eggs. The touch of the bat killed the young bird. To avoid this, the story goes that the stork put in its nest some twigs of maple, which alone had the power of keeping bats at a distance. The doors of houses used also to be hung with maple to prevent visits from bats.

Shepherds were once in the habit of cutting branches of Elder in order to make flutes, but only in places where they could not hear the cock crow, perhaps from a notion that the vicinity of that bird might have imparted a disagreeable tone to the wood. Juniper, many German ostlers think an excellent means of strengthening horses. It is usual to give them, three Sundays in succession, before dawn, three handfuls of salt and 72 juniper berries.

In Sanscrit, the Oleander is called the “ Horse-killer,” a name and superstition found also in Italy. The Ass of Apulenis had a mortal dread at the presence of the Oleander. On the contrary, the hazel is thought in Germany to have a good effect on horses, their oats being touched with a branch of hazel during certain

Sunday processions. In North Germany, when cows are taken for the first time to pasture, the last one is often decked with small branches of fir, supposed to assist her in calving. When a cow takes ill in some parts of France, and worms are supposed to be the cause, the peasants take a handful of dwarf-elder leaves, rubbing them in their hands, then saluting the tree, and addressing it in these terms:— "Good morning, Monsieur Dwarf-Elder; if you do not drive the worms from their present place I shall cut you down." This threat, they believe, generally effects a cure; or, if they cut down the tree, they think the cure certain.

This paper will conclude with a few instances under the last head—

IX.—MEDICINAL AND MAGICAL PROPERTIES ATTRIBUTED TO TREES.

"O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies,
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities,"

says Shakespeare in "Romeo and Juliet." In days before doctors were a necessary part of the equipment of a community, their place was taken, however imperfectly, by priests and magicians. Diseases were imagined to be removeable chiefly in one of two ways—either by the prayers of the priest, if a good spirit had sent the disease, or by the incantations of the magician, working mainly with plants, which were also used for other purposes within the magic circle. Trees were called into frequent use in this connection.

Homeopathy would seem to be only a revival of the views current prior to the scientific study of medicine. "Like should cure like." "*Similia Similibus*." The red juice of the mulberry, like blood, was thought to be a cure for all kinds of bleeding. The leaves of the Weeping Willow, old medical works assure us, are a sovereign remedy for the same disorder. The Almond was thought by the Romans to arrest the influence of intoxicating liquor. Plutarch tells a story of a physician who, after dinner, defied anybody to make him drunk; but once he was caught before dinner chewing bitter almonds, when he confessed that, if he had not taken that precaution, a small quantity of wine would have intoxicated him. Pennant says—"In many parts of the

Highlands, at the birth of a child, the nurse puts the end of a green stick of ash into the fire, and, while it is burning, receives into a spoon the juice which oozes out at the other end, and administers this to the new-born babe." A similar practice exists in Brittany. When a child there is weak, they put birch-leaves in an oven to dry, and then place them in a cradle to strengthen the child. Birch-leaves were held in the Highlands as good for keeping away serpents, the bites of which were thought, in Italy, to be curable by the application of juniper berries. Pliny seriously attributed to the ash-tree a magical power against serpents. In some Mediterranean countries, warts are believed curable by rotten peach-leaves.

The leaves of the ash and the juniper, when burnt, were held to be a sure cure for the common scourge of leprosy, four centuries ago. It appears to be a practice still in force, near Venice, to bind a tree with ropes for the cure of fever, and then to say thrice without taking breath—"I place thee here, I leave thee here, and I am going to take a walk." The fever should then leave the patient, but the tree ceases to bear fruit. This is another instance of the tree being supposed to act as a substitute for man, and, by its death, to save his life.

The Elder-tree furnishes a popular German remedy for tooth-ache, which Russian peasants try to guard against by dipping Oak-bark in a neighbouring river and keeping it carefully in their houses.

German peasants say that evil spirits avoid places where juniper is hung. Holly used to be held as a charm against evil spirits in England, and it is still so considered in some continental countries. The magician's wand had to be made of hazel-wood, which also furnished the divining-rod for the discovery of hidden treasure, water-springs, and metallic mines—a belief in the virtue of which is not yet extinct. It was a hazel-rod that Donstieswivel in the *Antiquary* used in searching for the buried gold. Mistletoe-leaf was once believed to open all locks on pronouncing certain formulæ; and the oak leaf is still regarded by Italian peasants as an infallible protection against bullet-wounds, and is carried by young army recruits in that belief. The German peasants believe that the man who stands under an apple-tree on Christmas Eve

will see Heaven open. In Scotland, the apple is associated with a sight of "the other place," which Burns has immortalised in "Hallowe'en."

Many other curious notions under this head might be given, but the writer has ridden his hobby long enough on this occasion, and he concludes with expressing a hope that what he has written and culled from many sources may induce others to continue the investigation of the subject, which is fascinating in itself, and throws light, in many unexpected ways, on the mental and social history of man.

YACHTING AND ELECTIONEERING IN THE HEBRIDES.

VI.

DRIVING back from Glendale, we held a meeting at Dunvegan, at which several ladies attended, and then went on board the *Carlotta*. We lay in the Loch all Sunday, and, early on Monday morning, steamed for Struan, Loch Bracadale. The passage was a very stormy one. So long as we were in the Loch, we got on pretty well, but no sooner had we rounded Dunvegan Head than the yacht commenced to pitch and roll in the most uncomfortable manner. Feeling rather squeamish, I went below to my sleeping-cabin to lie down for a while, but was soon driven on deck again by the water coming in upon me through the port-hole. Not caring to be soaked through, which was evidently not a very remote possibility, I hastily went on deck, just in time to see Macleod's Maidens appearing dimly through the spindrift on the left. Rounding Idrigill Point, a magnificent headland of black rock, rising vertically from the sea to a height of some 400

feet, we entered the comparatively smooth waters of Loch Bracadale, and soon afterwards dropped anchor at Struan. At the Struan meeting we had hoped to have present the old catechist, Donald Macqueen, whom Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh had seen when the Commissioners were in Skye. He was said to be 106 years old in 1883. He was unwell at the time of our visit to Struan, and consequently we did not see him. I lately observed a notice of his death.

We had intended in the afternoon to steam to the Island of Eigg, but, on reaching the mouth of Loch Bracadale, we found that it would be sheer madness to attempt the passage. The sea outside was fearful, and, as Captain Maclachlan said, the yacht "wouldn't look at it," we were compelled to run for shelter into Loch Harport, an offshoot of Loch Bracadale, where we dropped anchor, in perfectly smooth water, opposite the Carbost Distillery.

Next day, Tuesday, 22nd September, seeing that the storm showed no signs of abatement, we despatched a messenger to Sligachan, eight miles distant, for a conveyance to take us to Portree, and, in less than four hours afterwards, we were on our way thither in a light dog-cart, leaving the *Carlotta* at anchor in Loch Harport, until the weather should permit her coming round to Portree, our next destination. During the whole of the drive from Carbost to Sligachan, we did not meet a living soul, except three tinkers in a cart. A picturesque burial-ground, which we passed, surrounded with fine old trees, told of old times, when families, such as the Macleods of Gesto, and others, lived and flourished in the district in numbers and plenty. The whole country—Bracadale, the "Garden of Skye"—is now given over to sheep. At intervals, the solitary residence of a shepherd broke the monotony of the landscape, but, for the most of the way, nothing was to be seen but heather, bracken, and moss, where, not so many years ago, there was a large and thriving population. On every side were to be seen the traces of former cultivation. Every slope, every hollow, every flat, was seamed and furrowed by the operations of the *cas-chrom*, but the heather and the bracken now waved undisturbed over the spots where the ripening corn once gladdened the eyes of the toiler, and the sheep cropped the grass from the place where the crofter's cottage once stood. All

around bespoke "man's inhumanity to man." It was a saddening spectacle, but one, alas, too common in the Highlands.

With a brief halt at Sligachan Inn, we proceeded on our way, observing much land out of cultivation, and reached Portree in the evening, after a fearful day of rain and wind, and put up in Mr. MacInnes's comfortable hotel.

Next morning, we hired a sloop to take us to Clachan of Raasay. The weather was stormy, and the skipper and his three seamen kept expressing the most melancholy forebodings regarding the ultimate result of our journey. They appeared to find a morbid pleasure in giving us at brief intervals the cheering information that, at the exact spot we were then passing over, a boat, precisely the same as ours, had been capsized in similar weather, and all hands lost. Whenever a dark squall came sweeping over the surface of the sea towards us, the skipper, in doleful tones, reminded us that "them squalls wass fery dangerous," and that many boats had been capsized by such gusts of wind on previous occasions. However, the skipper's sound and careful seamanship amply compensated for his Jeremiad, and we at length rounded an ugly-looking reef, and cast anchor safely in the pretty little Bay of Clachan, just in front of the fine modern residence of the proprietor, the late Mr. E. H. Wood of Raasay. This house absorbs the one in which Dr. Johnson and Boswell were so hospitably entertained by the Laird of Raasay and his family, when on their tour through the Western Isles. His room still remains. The Doctor writes, of his visit to Raasay, that he "found nothing but civility, elegance, and plenty. . . . When it was time to sup, the dance ceased, and six-and-thirty persons sat down to two tables in the same room. After supper, the ladies sung Erse [Gaelic] songs, to which I listened as an English audience to an Italian opera, delighted with the sound of words which I did not understand."

After a good meeting at Clachan, we set sail, this time with a favourable wind, for Torran, near the northern extremity of the Island, and, having held another meeting there, started again about five o'clock in the evening for Portree. In no part of our travels were the evils of undue game preservation more accentuated than at Raasay. It was quite dark when we entered Portree Bay,

but the lights showed us that the *Carlotta* had arrived from Loch Harport, and, in company with four other steam-yachts, and a number of fishing-crafts, was lying at anchor in the Bay. On landing, we found that a splendid reception had been prepared for Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh. A large crowd had assembled on the quay, and a carriage was also waiting for us, with a stout rope attached. As soon as we were seated in the conveyance, a score of willing hands seized the rope, and, with a loud huzza, we were run swiftly up the steep brae leading from the harbour, until we reached the Portree Hotel.

Next morning, we steamed to the Braes, accompanied by Mrs. Mary Macpherson, better known as *Mairi Nighean Iain Bhain*, the "Skye Poetess." At the Brae Schoolhouse we met a fine, gentle specimen of the old Highland matron, the mother of the school-master. Most of the people followed us to a high cliff overlooking the small Bay (where the *Carlotta*, waiting for us, cruised about, her steam up, and all flags displayed), formed into one great line, and, waiting until we got on board, cheered and waved their handkerchiefs until we were out of sight, the circumstances deeply impressing all present. We then left for Kirkton of Glenelg. The view, as we steamed down the Sound of Raasay, was magnificent. Passing through Kyle-Akin, and opposite to Castle Moil, the Poetess sung, with admirable expression, the famed pathetic air, composed within its walls by Coll of Barrisdale's devoted adherent, warning him of his danger, the words—"Colla mo run, Colla mo run," and the music seem, as I write, to be as fresh and vivid as though heard but yesterday. On the right, just outside the entrance to the Kyle, is an ugly-looking rock, marked by a red barrel. This rock, known as the Cailleach, has an interesting historical incident connected with it. In the earlier part of the 17th century, during the time of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, Angus Macdonald, younger of Glengarry, came to Mackenzie's lands with a large fleet of galleys, and, having ravaged the shores of Loch Carron and massacred a number of old men, women, and children there, was returning with his fleet, laden with plunder, through the Kyle. He passed Kyle-Akin in safety, but, in the meantime, the alarm had gone through Lochalsh and Kintail, and a number of Kintailmen set out from Inverinate

in a large twelve-oared galley, to intercept the Macdonalds and contest their passage through Kyle-Rhea. When the Mackenzies neared the Cailleach, it was seen to be covered with snow. The sea was calm, and the night dark. Here they met Macdonald's great galley, which was some distance ahead of the rest of the fleet. Macdonald challenged the Kintail boat three times, being answered the third time by a full broadside from Mackenzie's brass cannon, which disabled his galley and threw it upon the Cailleach rock. The men on board Macdonald's galley, thinking it had been driven on shore, rushed to the bows in their efforts to escape, thus capsizing and filling the vessel. A few of the Kintailmen, meanwhile landed, and killed any of the Macdonalds who attempted to save themselves by swimming ashore. Others killed or drowned those who remained in the disabled galley, and not a soul escaped alive out of it, except Angus himself, who, however, died from his wounds before morning. The remainder of Macdonald's fleet, numbering twenty-one, hearing the uproar, betook themselves to Kyle-Akin in terror and confusion. The men landed in Strathardale, and, abandoning their ships, with their ill-gotten spoils, upon the shore, fled to Sleat, from whence they were taken across to the mainland in small boats.

Passing through Kyle-Rhea, we turned into the Bay of Kirkton, and landed, the yacht immediately returning to Portree to coal. On shore, a large bonfire was burning, and an enthusiastic procession escorted us to the place of meeting. Close to the shore of Kirkton Bay are the ruins of the Bernera Barracks, built by the Hanoverian Government in 1722 to overawe the people of the West Highlands, and stamp out their inherent loyalty to the House of Stuart. The whirligig of Time has worked strange changes with the old Barracks. The building, which was originally erected to subdue the people, is now regularly used, in its ruined state, as the meeting-place of the Glenelg branch of the Highland Land Law Reform Association!

On Friday, while waiting the *Carlotta's* return from Portree, Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh was sent across by Mr. Fraser, school-master, in his nice pleasure-boat, to Kyle Rhea, where he addressed several of the people, and, at noon, we started for Arisaig. On landing there, after a stormy passage and a very lengthened pull

ashore, making us five hours late, we were met and welcomed by Mr. Eneas R. Macdonell of Camusdarroch, and a large concourse of people, notwithstanding the long detention—headed by two pipers in full Highland dress. After the Arisaig meeting, Mr. Macdonell, it being now dark, drove us to the Bridge of Morar, a distance of about eight miles, in the midst of a furious gale of wind and rain. It is most agreeable to find that the only gentleman remaining of the old families, from Knoydart to Moydart, is one who, in appearance, is a king among men, and, in spirit, thoroughly with the people. At the Bridge, we found a considerable number of people, some from as great a distance as Knoydart, the majority of whom had been waiting patiently, in the midst of the severe storm, for several hours, until we should arrive. There was no house near, so the meeting was held in a disused quarry by the roadside. Mr. Macdonell and Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, closely enveloped in their tartan plaids, the earnest faces around, the noisy river, in great flood, roaring and tumbling in front, with the dark face of the quarry behind, the whole lighted up by the flickering glare of a carriage-lamp, made up a curious picture. At intervals, the moon, emerging from behind a cloud, shed a silvery brightness upon the group. The attendant sounds added to the impressiveness of the meeting. The roar of the falls above the bridge, the ceaseless murmur of the waves upon the sands at the mouth of the river, the champing of the spirited horses, and the voices of the speakers, who exerted themselves vigorously in Gaelic, constantly interrupted by enthusiastic bursts of applause from the delighted audience, formed a weird and striking symphony. This meeting at Morar, taking it all in all, was one of the strangest and most interesting incidents in our whole trip, and will give one a good idea of the difficulties and vicissitudes of an electoral campaign, in a great Highland County, under the extended franchise.

The meeting over, we drove back to Arisaig, getting on board the yacht to our dinner about half-past eleven, and, next morning (Saturday), steamed across to the Island of Eigg, dropping anchor in the channel between it and Castle Island. The leader of the people in Eigg was Mr. Thomas D. Macdonald, an intelligent young man, and one who has already made a prominent figure in the Highland Land Law Reform movement. The priest of the

Island, the Rev. Father Maclellan, and the Free Church minister, Mr. Mackenzie, are both in perfect sympathy with the people, and with each other, upon the Land Question.*

After a very good meeting in the Eigg Schoolhouse, we, accompanied by Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Maclellan, and Mr. Mackenzie, ascended the Scur, an immense rock overtopping the Island. From the summit, 1339 feet above the level of the sea, a magnificent view was obtained, extending over a very large area. The fertile Island of Muck was at our feet, and Ben Nevis easily discernible. The day was fortunately beautiful. From the top, the height of the Scur is not properly realised, but, on descending to the base, we were able fully to admire its grandeur. We then made our way down the grassy slope at the base of the rock to the seashore, and in a short time reached the mouth of the famous Cave, in which 395 Macdonalds, men, women, and children, were cruelly suffocated by the Macleods in the month of March, 1577. The following interesting tradition in connection with the massacre was supplied to me by Mr. Macdonald:—Before blocking up the entrance to the Cave, Macleod of Macleod offered to spare the life of a lady of some rank among the Macdonalds, and told her to come out. This she would only do on condition that she would be allowed the life of one of her kinsmen also. Her choice lighted upon one whom Macleod had specially marked for vengeance, and he accordingly refused the lady's petition, but offered instead to allow her another kinsman for every finger on her hand. The lady, however, was resolute, and said she would either have her first choice, or remain where she was. Macleod would not

* A curious and amusing incident afterwards occurred in connection with the electors of Eigg on the polling-day. Those who intended to support Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh had hired a sloop for themselves to convey them to the polling place at Arisaig, and they offered the five or six in the Island who intended to vote for Mr. Reginald Macleod, the Conservative candidate, a passage. A message had been sent to the Eigg people, who were expected to vote Conservative, that Mr. Platt's yacht from Dunvegan Castle would come to Eigg for them and take them over to Arisaig, and they accordingly declined the offer made to them by the popular party. The yacht, however, owing to the severity of the weather, never turned up, and they accordingly lost the chance of recording their votes, whilst the occupants of the sloop, accompanied by the priest, arrived safely at Arisaig, and voted to a man for the People's Candidate.

give in, and the noble-minded lady accordingly perished with the rest. The entrance to the cave, which is within a few yards of high-water mark, is a small opening in the face of a large gray rock, surrounded with beautiful grasses and moss. A little stream of water trickles down the sides of the opening from above, and forms a pool just before it. Creeping along the narrow passage, some twelve feet in length, upon our hands and knees, and lighting the candles we had brought with us, we found ourselves in the interior of the cavern. The floor was covered with stones and fragments of rock, of all shapes and sizes, rendering walking somewhat difficult. The air was humid and earthy, and the darkness so thick that the light of the candles served only to make it the more perceptible. The only sound to be heard, save our own footsteps and voices, was the intermittent drip of the water which here and there fell from the roof. A feeling of awe crept over me as I stood in the middle of the great cave, and thought of the terrible atrocity which had been committed within it. The very ground beneath my feet was partially formed of the ashes of the dead; those walls, now dark and silent, had echoed the despairing shrieks of the doomed Macdonalds, and reflected the red glare of the fire from the entrance. Even yet the bones of the unfortunate victims are to be found in the cave, decayed and blackened with age. Sir Walter Scott is said to have carried away a skull, much to the horror of his sailors. For many days after leaving Eigg his vessel was detained by calms—a judgment, the seamen averred, for Sir Walter's sacrilegious act. I myself committed similar sacrilege in a small way, for I found and carried away three small bones. A doctor, to whom I have since shown them, at once pronounced them to be human, one being a finger, and another a toe-bone, both of which, the doctor said, must have belonged to a very large man; the third is a child's rib. The whole length of the cave is said to be 213 feet, the average breadth being about fourteen. Our voices, when raised above a whisper, sounded weird and unnatural, and the black walls seemed to re-echo angrily the noise made by the intruders into the vast hecatomb. I was glad to emerge once more into the open air and the light of day.

Going on board the *Carlotta*, we steamed round the Point of

Ardnamurchan for Tobermory, Mull, arriving there late in the evening, to remain until Monday. Our cruise in the Hebrides was now over, but we had still to visit the historic district of Moidart, and one or two other places on the mainland.

HECTOR ROSE MACKENZIE.

(To be continued.)

LORD RONALD.

Lord Ronald to the wars had gone,
And, being long away,
A neighbouring clansman seized his lands,
With keep and rock-bound bay.

The bonnie Lady Jean alone
Held Ronald was not dead ;
Her uncle swore she should be forced
Her cousin Roy to wed,

The lady wept, the lady pled,
He heeded not her prayer,
The priest stood ready in the church,
And all were gathered there,

When lo ! amid them stood a knight,
Of noble mien and size,
The jewels flashed upon his breast,
The fire flashed in his eyes,

With haughty air and hasty stride,
He reached the bridal pair ;
(Oh ! knew ye ever such ado ?
Or saw ye plight so rare ?)

He pushed the bridegroom rudely by,
Kneeled by the lady's side,
Spake in her ear, then, rising, cried—
“ I claim my promised bride.”

The servants smiled, the lady blushed,
Her face no longer sad,
They wrung his hands, they sobbed for joy,
The priest himself looked glad.

Oh then what feasting in the hall !
What dancing on the green !
Such rollicking and frolicking,
I wote had never been.

FAUVETTE.

THE CELTIC CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

REPLY BY PROVOST MACANDREW TO THE
REV. ÆNEAS CHISHOLM.

IF your space will permit, I would like to say a few words in answer to the animadversions of Father Chisholm on my paper on this subject, which you recently published.

In the outset, it will be well to define what the point is which is in controversy between us. What I stated in my paper was, that the Celtic Church had certain peculiarities which distinguished it from other churches; and that it was "a monastic tribal Church, not subject to the jurisdiction of Bishops." I certainly assumed that it was a separate and distinct Church, and that it was not subject to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, or of the Church over which he presided; but I neither said nor implied more than this, and this is what I now propose to maintain. Father Chisholm, however, states the points in dispute in a much wider and more ambiguous way. He says that the question is whether the Celtic Church was "in communion with the Church of Rome, and acknowledged her authority, or whether she was a separate, distinct Church, and opposed to her," and he undertakes to show that, "the Celtic Church was essentially Roman," meaning by Roman—"Catholic." Here is room for a good deal of misapprehension. I did not say, and I do not now maintain, that the Church ruled by the Bishop of Rome, and the Church ruled by the Abbot of Iona, when, after a century of separation, they again came into contact, refused to hold communion with each other. On the contrary, there is ample evidence that they did. They were both Missionary Churches then, in the presence of Heathen, and they did not think of excommunicating each other. I did not say, and I do not now maintain, that the Celtic Church denied the authority of the Church of Rome or of its Chief, within the limits of his Episcopal or Pontifical jurisdiction—that is, within the limits of what had been the Western Empire; on the contrary, it fully acknowledged this authority, and, moreover, it looked up to the Roman Church as the mother of all the Western Churches.

I did not say, and I do not now maintain, that the Celtic Church opposed the Church of Rome; on the contrary, it was quite willing to co-operate with it in the work of proclaiming the truth and converting the heathen. And I did not say, and do not maintain, that the Celtic Church was not Catholic. Perhaps I might be inclined to say that it was *the* Catholic Church. Having cleared away so much, I will proceed to adduce some evidence in favour of the two propositions which I do maintain, premising that they are very much involved the one in the other.

Leaving out of view as much as possible, in the first place, the question of jurisdiction, I say that the Columban Church was a separate and distinct Church, on the following grounds:—(1), It grew up and developed for a hundred years, without any communication whatever with the Church of Rome, in perfect isolation and independence. (2), It developed and perfected a form of ecclesiastical polity and organisation, not only different from, but diametrically opposed to, that of the Church of Rome. The Church of Rome was ruled by bishops possessing territorial jurisdiction, and to whom all ecclesiastics within the territory were bound to submit. The Columban Church was ruled by an abbot, who might and generally was a Presbyter, and to whom every ecclesiastic in the whole Church, whether Bishop, Presbyter, or Deacon, was bound to submit. It was not a case of the Bishop yielding a "sort of *civil* jurisdiction to the Abbot," as Father Chisholm somewhat unfairly puts it. The Abbot was the superior and ruler of the whole Church in all matters ecclesiastical, all matters of faith and worship, in as full, and even in a fuller, sense than the Pope was ruler of his Church, and the Bishops as such had no rule or authority. In matters *civil*, the Columban clergy owed obedience to the temporal rulers, and were not even exempt from military service. (3), The Columban Church felt that it had, and it exercised, a separate mission, and it sent its missionaries, not only among the heathen, but into territories already occupied by Roman clergy, and within the admitted jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff, as witness the mission of Columbanus to Gaul, and Aidan to Northumbria; and (4), It had certain peculiar customs and observances to which it rigidly adhered, although, as I will afterwards show, these were held to be so important by the

Roman clergy as to make the abandonment of them, in their opinion, essential to the inclusion of the Church within the "Catholic Unity." Surely this is enough to satisfy anyone that the Columban Church was separate and distinct.

As to the question of jurisdiction, I think I will be held to have proved my point if I can show that, in a matter enjoined by the highest authority in the Roman Church, and considered vital to Catholic Unity, the Columban Church persistently refused to conform to Rome. I will say nothing under this head on the question of tonsure, because, although it was considered of very great importance, Abbot Ceolfrid was Catholic enough to say, in his letter to King Nectan—to be afterwards noticed—that he would not go the length of pronouncing all who were obstinate on this point worthy of damnation. I will take the question of the proper time for observing Easter. Father Chisholm says this was a matter of no vital importance, but a mere matter of discipline. It does seem very absurd that it should be made a matter of importance, but we must take it as the parties looked on it at the time. They did not look on it as indifferent, but as essential, to unity. I will adduce some instances of this:—(1), The mode of computing the time for the observance of Easter was, in the Roman Church, made a matter of formal Canon. The fourth Council of Orleans (541) decreed this method of computation to be observed, and directed that the festival should be observed by all at the same time.* Obedience to this Canon was incumbent in all who acknowledged the authority of the Roman Church. (2), In 596, Augustine was sent to Britain by Pope Gregory to convert the English. After he had been in this country for some time, he wrote to the Pope, asking for instructions as to how he was to deal with the Bishops of Gaul and Britain; meaning by the latter, the Bishops of the Welsh Church which had remained Christian from the time of the Roman occupation. Gregory replied—"We give you no authority over the Bishops of France, because the Bishop of Arles received the pall, in ancient times, from my predecessor." "But, as for the Bishops of Britain, we commit

* Skene, *Celtic Scotland*, Vol. II., page 9.

them to your care.”* In 603, Augustine had a conference with these same British Bishops, who were committed to his care, with the object of bringing them to “Catholic Unity” with him, and, after a long disputation, he said to them—“You act, in many particulars, contrary to our custom, or, rather, the custom of the Universal Church, and yet, if you will comply with us in these three points, viz.—To keep Easter at the due time; to administer baptism, by which we are again born to God, according to the custom of the Holy Roman Apostolic Church; and jointly with us to preach the Word of God to the English nation—we will readily tolerate all the other things you do, though contrary to our customs.” The British Bishops answered that they would do none of these things, nor receive him for their Archbishop, and, thereupon, Augustine doomed them all to destruction, and left them.† (3), In 605, Laurentius, the successor of Augustine as Archbishop of Canterbury, hearing that the course of life and profession of the Scots, as well as of the Britons, “was not truly ecclesiastical, especially that they did not celebrate the solemnity of Easter at the due time,” wrote to their “Lords Bishops and Abbots” on the subject. In this letter, he says—“But, coming acquainted with the errors of the Britons, we thought the Scots (Irish) had been better, but we have been informed by Bishop Dagun, coming into the aforesaid Island, and the Abbot Columbanus in France, that the Scots in no way differ from the Britons in their behaviour; for Bishop Dagun, coming to us, not only refused to eat with us, but even to take his repast in the same house where we were entertained.” This same Laurentius, and the other English Bishops, also wrote to the British Bishops to endeavour to confirm them in “Catholic Unity,” “but,” says Bede, “what he gained by so doing the present times” (that is about 731 when Bede finished his history) “still declare.”‡ (4), In the case of the famous controversy between Wilfrid and Colman (664), the matter was looked upon as so vital by Colman that, when King Oswy resolved to adopt the Roman custom, he did not submit or conform, but retired with all who adhered to him to Iona, to consult the authority

* *Bede's Ecclesiastical History*, Book I., Chapter 27.

† Bede II., 2.

‡ Ibid. II., 4.

which he acknowledged and from which he held his mission, and the result was that the connection between the Columban Church and Northumberland ceased entirely.* (5), When Nectan, the King of the Picts (710,) wrote to the Abbot Ceolfrid for instruction about this matter, the latter wrote a long letter, in which he gives all the arguments in favour of the Roman methods of computation, and, in this letter, he says—"He, therefore, who shall contend that the full Paschal moon can happen before the Equinox, deviates from the doctrine of the Holy Scripture in the celebration of the greatest mysteries, and agrees with those who confide that they may be saved without the grace of Christ forerunning them, and who presume to teach that they might have attained to perfect righteousness though the true light had never vanquished the darkness of the world by dying and rising again."† (6), I will take the case of the letter which Cummain wrote to Seginus, third Abbot of Iona (623), which Father Chisholm himself refers to. Cummain belonged to the Suthern portion of the Irish Church, which had, at this time, been induced to conform to Rome in the matter of Easter, and the object of his writing to Seginus was to get the Columban Church, over which he ruled, to follow this example. He puts the matter so high as to say that to blame even the customs of Rome deserved excommunication. Yet the Columban Church did not conform, and it was Seginus who sent the mission to Northumberland. (Lastly), Wilfrid, then a priest, returned to England from Rome about 664, and was admitted to the friendship of King Alfrid, "who had always followed the Catholic Rules of the Church," and Alfrid, finding him to be a "Catholic," gave him the Monastery of thirty families at Ripon. This place Alfrid had previously given to "those that followed the doctrines of the Scots" to build a monastery upon. "But, for as much as they afterwards, being left to their choice, would rather quit the place than adopt the Catholic Easter and other canonical rites, according to the custom of the Roman Apostolic Church, he gave the same to him, whom he found to follow better discipline and better customs." This is

* Bede III., 25.

† Ibid. V., 21.

afterwards mentioned by Bede as the banishment of the "Scottish Sect."*

Here there is ample authority for saying that, at the time of which I am treating this matter of the time of observing Easter, was a matter on which the highest authority in the Roman Church—the Pope in Council—had enjoined a rule; and that both parties to the controversy regarded the difference as one vital to Catholic Unity. Yet, from the first contact of the Columban and Roman Churches, about 569, till the time of Nectan in 710, the Roman Church was constantly urging conformity on the Columban Church (as well as on the British and Irish Churches), and the Columban Church persistently refused to conform. Even at the last mentioned date, when Nectan compelled his people to adopt the Roman custom, he could only effect his purpose by expelling the Columban Clergy and introducing others from England, and thus laying the foundation of the claim of the English metropolitans to supremacy over the Scottish Church, which long afterwards caused so much trouble. Surely this is enough to show that the Celtic Church of Scotland did not acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome or the supremacy or authority of the Roman Church or its Councils.

I will now say a few words on the instances which Father Chisholm gives in support of what he contends for:—(1), He refers to the respectful and deferential terms in which Columbanus addresses the Bishop of Rome; but this is quite consistent with his claim for freedom from his jurisdiction, and right to retain his own customs. The object of this letter in which these expressions occur was to assert and maintain his freedom. He was then residing in Gaul, within the bounds of the Roman Empire, and admittedly within the territory of the Roman Church; yet he claims to be still "in his fatherland, and not bound to accept the rules of these Gauls; but as placed in the wilderness, and offending no one, to abide by the rules of his elders"; and he quotes and founds on the decree of the Second Council held at Constantinople in 381, which declares that churches among the Barbarians, or beyond the limits of the Roman Empire, shall be regulated by

* Bede V., 19.

the customs of their fathers.* (2), He says that, in the Controversy between Wilfrid and Colman, already referred to, Colman acknowledged the supremacy of the Roman Church as representing St. Peter. But this is not so. It must be borne in mind that we get the account of this Controversy from Bede, who was a Roman Churchman, and he, naturally, gives the best of it to Wilfrid. But what he tells us is, that Colman claimed to rest his practice on the authority of St. John, that Wilfrid claimed a higher authority for the Church of Rome as representing St. Peter, and quoted the well-known passage in which the keys were committed to Peter. Oswy asked if it was admitted that these words were "principally directed to St. Peter, and that the keys of heaven were given to him by our Lord." Bede says that both answered in the affirmative, and that then Oswy, like a wise and prudent man, said he would be on the side of the keeper of the keys, "lest, when I come to the gates of the Kingdom of Heaven, there should be none to open them, he being my adversary who is proved to have the keys."† But this argument had no weight with Colman, and he accordingly retired to Iona, abandoning the Monastery of which he was the head, and the Bishopric over which he ruled rather than conform; and (3), He quotes the declaration of Wilfrid at the Council of Rome, under Pope Agatha, that the nations of the English, the British, the Picts, and the Scots, were of the true Catholic faith, as contemporary evidence that the Roman and the Scottish Churches were one in faith. But, at this time, Wilfrid was a fugitive from his own Church, having been expelled from his diocese. He had no kind of authority from the Scottish Church, and, at this very time, the South Saxons were not even Christian, and were afterwards converted by him. It is impossible now to say what Wilfrid meant by the "true Catholic faith," but I have sufficiently shown that the Churches were not in "Catholic Unity" about a point which both looked on as essential.

H. C. MACANDREW.

* Skene II., 11.

† Bede III., 25.

TALADH NA BEAN SHITH.

THE following peculiar relic of antiquity may prove interesting to your Gaelic readers, especially to the Macleods, whose history you are at present writing.

Regarding this *Táladh*, tradition goes on to say that, many years ago, on a calm autumn evening, a fairy of considerable beauty and graceful form, dressed in green, entered Dunvegan Castle, the seat of the Chief of the Macleods, in Skye, and that she marched, quietly and silently, through every chamber and department of it, until she came to the room in which the heir of the family, a boy of about a year old, was lying sound asleep in his cradle.

His nurse was sitting in the room at the time busy sewing, of whom the fairy did not condescend to take the least notice.

The fairy sat beside the cradle and took the child upon her knee, and, with almost unearthly beautiful voice, she began to sing the aforesaid *Táladh*. After doing so, she laid the child back again into his cradle, and took her departure in the same manner as she came, but from whence or where remains a mystery. The nurse was spell-bound, and awe-struck with the whole affair. But the peculiarity of the words, and the wild, but beautiful, melody of the music, took such a hold upon her mind that she could repeat and sing it herself ever after. For many years afterwards, this *Táladh* was considered a valuable relic in Dunvegan Castle. So much so, that they would not allow a nurse in the family but one able to sing it; as it was firmly believed to have a certain charm, or *seun*, in it, and that boys, to whom it was frequently sung, were sure to thrive. Especially in the hour of battle and danger, not unfrequently occurring in those days, it was believed the *bean shith* would use her influence to shield and protect her favourite from the deadly spear and arrow of the enemy. One thing certain regarding this *Táladh* is, that it must be very old. Some people gave the great poetess, Mary Macleod—or, as she was commonly called, *Mairi Nighean Alastair Ruaidh*—the credit

of being the author of it; but I have heard from very old men, who were told by older men, that it was in existence, and well known in Skye, for many long years before Mary Macleod's time. I do not pretend to give the whole of this *Tàladh*, nor anything like it; but I give what I have, and, perhaps, some of your numerous readers may be able to give a more complete version of it.

NEIL MACLEOD.

TALADH NA BEAN SHITH.

'Se mo leanabh mingileiseach, maingeleiseach,
Bualadh nan each, glac nan lùireach,
Nan each cruidheach 's nan each snagach,
Mo leanabh beag.

'S truagh nach fhaicinn fhin do bhuaile,
Gu h-àrd, àrd air uachdar sleibhe,
Còta caol caiteanach uaine,
Mu d' dhà ghuallainn ghil, 'us leine.
Mo leanabh beag.

'S truagh nach fhaicinn féin do sheisreach,
Fir 'g am freasdal 'n àm an fheasgair;
Mna-còmhnuill a' tighinn dhachaidh,
'S na Catanaich a' cur sil.

O mhile bhog, O mhile bhog,
Mo bhrù a rug, mo chioch a shluig,
'S mo ghlùn a thog.

'S e mo leanabh m' ultach iudhair,
Sultmhor reamhar, mo luachair bhog,
M' fheòil 'us m' uidhean a ni bhruidhinn,
Bha thu fo' mo chrìos an uiridh, lus an toraidh,
'S bidh tu 'm bliadhna gu geal guanach
Air mo ghuallainn feadh a' bhaile,
Mo leanabh beag.

O bhireinn o bhò, na cluinneam do leòn,
O bhireinn o bhò, gu 'm bioraich do shròn,
O bhireinn o bhò, gu 'n liath thu air chòir;
O bhireinn o bhinn thu, cha'n ann de chlann Choinnich thu.
O bhireinn o bhinn thu, cha'n ann de chloinn Chuinn thu,
O bhireinn o bhinn thu, siol is docha linn thu,
Sìol nan Leodach nan lann 's nan lùireach—
B'e Lochlainn dùthchas do shìnsir.

THE OLD GRAVEYARD.

The summer's day is sinking fast,
The gloaming weaves its pall,
As shadows weird the willows cast
Beyond the broken wall;
And the tombstones gray like sentinels rise
To guard the dust that 'neath them lies.

The whispering breezes solemn bear
A requiem, knell-intoned,
As the steeple's throbs alarm the air
And through the valley sound—
To bid the weary seek repose
When dies the day at twilight's close.

Then silken silence murmurs rest,
And the peace that reigns supreme
Seems but awaiting God's behest,
To wake it from its dream;
While yet it soothes the hearts that weep,
Lament for those that lie asleep.

The moon, deciphering virtue's claims
To deeds of duty done,
Illumes anew the graven names
That time hath not o'ergrown,
Though the deeds of all are in the book
Where time hath never dared to look.

Five generations slumber here,
Beneath these crowding mounds,
And still their spirits hover near,
As memory makes its rounds;
When widowed love here finds retreat,
And sympathetic echoes meet.

The first to find their rest were those
Who saw the hamlet's birth,
When hum of industry arose,
To blend with rural mirth;
When progress first beheld its dawn,
Amid the bloom of Cartha's lawn.

But now the glebe a surfeit knows
Though scarce a century old,
And undisturbed the rank grass grows
Above the tear-dewed mould,
While men in thousands claim it theirs,
Where lie their kindred and their tears.

And oft 'tis here we learn to die,
As sorrow sifts the soul,
When love's sweet longings seem to sigh
And with our griefs condole,
To make us feel what joy it is
To know that Death makes all things his.

For if tradition reads its lore,
 In lines of dismal light,
 Our higher hopes the tints restore
 To dissipate the right,
 And courage us to think of death
 A change beatified by faith.

Quebec.

J. M. HARPER.

"DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE."

Dear Mr. Editor,—I am obliged to your correspondent—"I. B. O."—for directing my attention to the fact that the same Gaelic translation of "Do they miss me at home," which I sent you as the work of my friend, the late Dr. Macintyre of Kilmonivaig, appeared some dozen years ago in the *Gael*, and is there attributed to James Munro of Blarour, who was also my friend, and with whom I was very intimate—far and away the most accomplished Gaelic Scholar I have ever known. Upon what grounds or authority the translation in question was attributed to Munro, I am entirely ignorant, but I am confident that he had no more to do with it than I had myself. The translator was Dr. Macintyre, and no one else. The manuscript copy which I sent you was in Dr. Macintyre's own hand, and duly signed and dated as you would have observed. It was sent to me by the Doctor as his own composition, and it was upon that footing that my opinion on it was asked, and that I solicited, and was allowed to retain, the holograph from which you printed. It was always sung in the Manse of Kilmonivaig—and often, I can remember, when Munro himself was present—as Dr. Macintyre's composition. In all this I am corroborated by Mr. Alexander Macraill, late of Inverness, now of Fort-William, and at that time of Spean Bridge, who assures me that he remembers perfectly well that it was he that wrote out the first clean copy of the translation from the original rough draft in Dr. Macintyre's hand. I am, in a word, persuaded that not more certainly is the very admirable and amusing "Tha Dai'idh marbh" the composition of "I. B. O." himself, than that the translation of "Do they miss me at home," as it appears in the *Celtic Magazine* of April, 1886, is the composition of my large-hearted and accomplished friend, the late Rev. Dr. John Macintyre of Kilmonivaig.

Dear Mr. Editor, faithfully yours,

NETHER-LOCHABER.



THE CONFLICTS OF THE CLANS.

(Continued.)

THE TROUBLES OF THE LEWIS.

RORY MACLEOD of the Lewis had three wives; he married, first, Barbara Stewart, daughter to the Lord Methven, by whom he had Torquil Oighre, who died before his father, without issue. After Barbara Stewart's death, Rory married Mackenzie's daughter, who bore Torquil Connaldagh, whom Rory would not acknowledge as his son, but held him always a bastard; and, repudiating his mother, he married Maclean's sister, by whom he had Torquil Dow and Tormot. Besides these, Rory had three base sons—Neil Macleod, Rory Oig, and Murdo Macleod. After the death of old Rory Macleod, his son, Torquil Dow Macleod (excluding his brother Torquil Connaldagh as a bastard), doth take possession of the Lewis, and is acknowledged by the inhabitants as the lawful inheritor of that Island. Torquil Connaldagh (by some called Torquil of the Cogaidh) perceiving himself thus put by the inheritance of the Lewis, hath recourse to his mother's kindred, the Clan-Mackenzie, and desires their support to recover the same. The Lord Kintail, Torquil Connaldagh, his brother—Murdo Macleod, and the Brieve of the Lewis, met altogether in Ross, to advise by what means Torquil Connaldagh might obtain the possession of the Lewis, which they were out of all hope to effect so long as Torquil Dow was alive; whereupon the Brieve of the Lewis undertook to slay his master, Torquil Dow, which he brings thus to pass:—The Brieve, being accompanied with the most part of his tribe (the Clan-vic-Gill-Mhoire), went in his galley to the Isle of Rona; and, by the way, he apprehended a Dutch ship, which he brought by force along with him to the Lewis; he invites his master, Torquil Dow, to a banquet in the ship; Torquil Dow (suspecting no deceit) went thither, accompanied with seven of

the best of his friends, and sat down in the ship, expecting some drink; instead of wine, they bring cards; thus were they all apprehended and bound by the Brieve and his kindred, who brought them to the Lord of Kintail's bounds, and there beheaded them every man, in July, 1597. Neither did this advance Torquil Connaldagh to the possession of the Lewis; for his brother, Neil Macleod, opposed himself, and pursued the Brieve and his kin in a part of the Island called Ness, which they had fortified, where he killed divers of them, and made them leave the strength. Thus did Neil Macleod possess the Island, to the behoof of his brother, Tormot, and the children of Torquil Dow, whom he acknowledged to be righteous heirs of the Island. Torquil Connaldagh had now lost both his sons, John and Neil, and had married his daughter to Rory Mackenzie (the Lord Kintail's brother), giving her in marriage the lands of Coigeach. Hereupon, Kintail began to think and advise by what means he might purchase to himself the inheritance of that Island, having now Torquil Connaldagh and his brother, Murdo Macleod, altogether at his devotion, and having Tormot Macleod in his custody, whom he took from the schools; so that he had no one to oppose his designs but Neil Macleod, whom he might easily overthrow. Kintail deals earnestly with Torquil Connaldagh, and, in end, persuades him to resign the right of the Island into his favour, and to deliver him all the old rights and evidents of the Lewis.

In this meantime, the barons and gentlemen of Fife, hearing these troubles, were enticed, by the persuasion of some that had been there, and by the report of the fertility of the Island, to undertake a difficult and hard enterprise. They conclude to send a colony thither, and to civilise (if it were possible) the inhabitants of the Island. To this effect, they obtain, from the King, a gift of the Lewis, the year 1599, or thereabouts, which was alleged to be then at his disposal. Thereupon, the adventurers, being joined together in Fife, assembled a company of soldiers, with artificers of all sorts, and did transport them into the Lewis, where they erected houses and buildings, till, in end, they made a pretty little town, in a proper and convenient place fit for the purpose, and there they encamped themselves. Neil Macleod and Murdo (the sons of old Rory) withstood the undertakers. Murdo Macleod

invaded the Laird of Barcolmy, whom he apprehended, together with his ship, and killed all his men ; so, having detained him six months in captivity in the Lewis, he released him upon his promise to pay him a ransom.

Now, Neil Macleod was grieved in heart to see his brother, Murdo, entertain the Brieve and his tribe, being the chief instruments of their brother, Torquil Dow's, slaughter ; and, thereupon, Neil apprehended his brother, Murdo, which, when the undertakers heard, they sent a message to Neil, showing that, if he would deliver unto them his brother Murdo, they would agree with himself, give him a portion of the Island, and assist him to revenge the slaughter of his brother, Torquil Dow. Whereunto Neil hearkened, delivered his brother, Murdo, to the undertakers ; then went Neil with them to Edinburgh, and had his pardon from the King for all his byepast offences. Murdo Macleod was executed at St. Andrews.

Thus was the Earl of Kintail in despair to purchase or obtain the Lewis ; and therefore he lends all his wits to cross the undertakers ; he setteth Tormot Macleod at liberty, thinking that, at his arrival in the Island, all the inhabitants would stir in his favour against the undertakers ; which they did indeed, as the natural inclination is of all these Islanders and Highlanders, who, of all other people, are most bent and willing to hazard and adventure themselves, their lives, and all they have, for their lords and masters. The King was informed, by the undertakers, that the Lord of Kintail was a crosser and hinderer of their enterprise ; whereupon he was brought into question, and committed to ward in the Castle of Edinburgh, from whence he was released, without the trial of an assize, by the Lord Chancellor's means. Neil Macleod, returning into the Lewis with the undertakers, fell at variance with them ; whereupon, he went about to invade their camp, and they began, in like manner, to lay a snare for him. The Laird of Wormistoun, choosing a very dark night, sent a company to apprehend Neil ; who, perceiving them coming, invaded them, and chased them, with slaughter, to their camp. By this time, came Tormot Macleod into the Island, at whose arrival the inhabitants speedily assembled, and came to him as to their lord and master. Thereupon, Tormot, accompanied with

his brother, Neil, invaded the camp of the undertakers, forced it, burnt the fort, killed most part of their men, took their commanders prisoners, and released them, after eight months' captivity. Thus, for a while, Tormot Macleod commanded in that Island, until the undertakers returned again to the Lewis, being assisted by the forces of all the neighbouring countries, by virtue of the King's commission, directed against Tormot Macleod and his kin, the Siol-Torquil. How soon their forces were landed on the Island, Tormot Macleod rendered himself to the undertakers, upon their promise to carry him safe to London, and to obtain him a remission for his byepast crimes; but Neil Macleod stood out, and would not submit himself. Tormot being come to London, the King gives him a pardon; but, withal, he sent him home into Scotland, to be kept in ward at Edinburgh, where he remained until the month of March, 1615, that the King gave him liberty to pass into Holland, where he ended his days. Tormot thus warded in Edinburgh, the adventurers did settle themselves again, for a little while, in the Lewis, where, at last, the undertakers began to weary; many of the adventurers and partners drew back from the enterprise; some, for lack of means, were not able; others died; others had greater occasion and business elsewhere to abstract them; many of them began to decline and decay in their estates; and so, being continually vexed by Neil Macleod, they left the Island, and returned into Fife.

The Lord of Kintail, perceiving all things thus fall out to his mind, did now show himself openly in the matter. He passed a gift of the Island in his own name, under His Majesty's great seal, by the Lord Chancellor's means, by virtue of the old right which Torquil Connaldagh had before resigned in his favour. Some of the adventurers complained hereof to the King's Majesty, who was highly displeased with Kintail, and made him resign his right into His Majesty's hands; which right, being now at His Majesty's disposition, he gave the same to three of the undertakers, to wit, the Lord Balmerino, Sir James Spence of Wormistoun, and Sir George Hay; who, now, having all the right in their persons, assembled their forces together, with the aid of most part of all the neighbouring counties; and so, under the conduct of Sir George Hay and Sir James Spence, they invaded the Lewis

again, not only to settle a colony there, but also to search for Neil Macleod.

The Lord Kintail (yet hunting after the Lewis) did, underhand, assist Neil, and publicly did aid the undertakers by virtue of the King's commission; Kintail sent a supply of victuals, in a ship from Ross, to the adventurers. In the meantime, he sent quietly to Neil Macleod, desiring him to take the ship by the way, that the undertakers, trusting to these victuals, and being dissatisfied thereof, might be forced to return, and abandon the Island; which fell out accordingly; for Sir James Spence and Sir George Hay, failing to apprehend Neil, and being scarce of victuals to furnish their army, began to weary, and so dismissed all the neighbouring forces. Sir George Hay and Wormistoun then retired into Fife, leaving some men in the Island to defend and keep the fort until they sent them a fresh supply of men and victuals; whereupon, Neil, being assisted by his nephew, Malcolm Macleod (the son of Rory Og), invaded the undertakers' camp, burnt the same, apprehended all those which were left behind in the Island, and sent them home safely; since which time they never returned again into the Lewis. Then did the Lord Balmerino, Sir George Hay, and Sir James Spence, begin to weary of the Lewis, and sold their title of that Island to the Lord of Kintail for a sum of money; whereby, in end, after great trouble and much blood, he obtained that Island. And thus did this enterprise of the Fife undertakers come to no effect, after they had spent much time, and most part of their means, about it.

Kintail was glad that he had now, at last, caught his long-expected prey; and thereupon he went into the Island, where he was no sooner landed but all the inhabitants yielded unto him, except Neil Macleod, and some few others. The inhabitants yielded the more willingly to Kintail because he was their neighbour, and might still vex them with continual excursions if they did stand out against him; which they were not able to do. Neil Macleod was now forced to retire to a rock, within the sea, called Berrissay, which he kept for the space of three years. During the time of his stay in the fort of Berrissay, there arrived an English pirate in the Lewis, who had a ship furnished with great wealth; this pirate (called Peter Lowe) entered into friendship

and familiarity with Neil, being both rebels; at last, Neil took him prisoner with all his men, whom he sent, together with the ship, to the Council of Scotland, thinking, thereby, to get his own pardon, and his brother, Tormot, released out of prison; but neither of them did he obtain; and all the Englishmen, with their captain, Peter Lowe, were hanged at Leith, the year 1612. Neil Macleod, being wearied to remain in the fort of Berrissay, abandoned the same, and, dispersing all his company several ways, he retired into Harris, where he remained a certain while in secret; then he rendered himself unto his cousin, Sir Rory Macleod, whom he entreated to carry him into England to His Majesty; which Sir Rory undertook to do; and, coming to Glasgow, with a resolution to embark then for England, he was charged there, under the pain of treason, to deliver Neil, whom he presented before the Council at Edinburgh, where he was executed in April, 1613. After the death of Neil, his nephew, Malcolm Macleod (the son of Rory Og), escaping from the Tutor of Kintail, associated himself to the Clan Donald, in Isla and Kintyre, during their troubles against the Campbells, in the years 1614, 1615, and 1616; at which time Malcolm made a journey from Kintyre to the Lewis, and there killed two gentlemen of the Clan Mackenzie; then he went into Spain, and there remained in Sir James Macdonald's company, with whom he is now again returned into England, in the year 1620.

(To be continued.)



GAELIC ALMANACK FOR JUNE, 1886.

VI Mhios.]

A' CHIUINE, 1886.

MUTHADH AN T-SOLUIS.

● AN SOLUS UR—2 LA—1.55 F.

○ AN SOLUS LAN—16 LA—1.39 F.

D AN CIAD CHR.—9 LA—7.27 M.

C AN CR. MU DHEIR.—24 LA—4.35 F.

M. DI.			A'ghr'an.		An Lan An Lìte.		An Lan An Grianraig.	
			E. Eirigh L. Laidh.		MAD.	FRA8G.	MAD.	FRA8G.
			U. M.	U. M.				
1	M	Breith Adhaimh Dhonncha, 1731	3.38 E	1.21	1.42	11.10	11.13	
2	C	Latha Dhrumclog, 1679	8.43 L	2. 3	2.24	11.56	...	
3	D	Diordain Deasghabhail	3.36 E	2.44	3. 4	0.18	0.40	
4	H	[3] Bàs Dhughail Bhuchannain, 1768	8.46 L	3.24	3.45	1. 2	1.25	
5	S	Achd an Arphuntachaidh, 1746	3.34 E	4. 7	4.31	1.48	2.11	
6	D	Donich an dèigh na Deasghabhail	8.49 L	4.56	5.21	2.34	2.59	
7	L	Bàs Bruce, 1329	3.32 E	5.49	6.17	3.24	3.49	
8	M	Eaglais na h-alba, 1696	8.52 L	6.47	7.19	4.15	4.44	
9	C	An fheill Chaluim	3.31 E	7.53	8.27	5.15	5.43	
10	D	La Banrigh Mairghread	8.54 L	9. 3	9.40	7.21	7.54	
11	H	Breith Dheòrsa Ròs, 1744	3.30 E	10.15	10.45	8.27	8.59	
12	S	Bàs Rìgh Séumas III., 1488	8.56 L	11.15	11.43	9.30	9.58	
13	D	Didonaich Caingis	3.29 E	...	0.11	10.26	10.52	
14	L	Latha Naseby, 1645	8.57 L	0.36	1. 1	11.17	11.41	
15	M	Meadhon an t-Samhraidh	3.29 E	1.25	1.49	...	0. 4	
16	C	B. Shir Iain an Fhasaidh-fhearna, 1815	8.58 L	2.10	2.31	0.27	0.47	
17	D	Latha Raon-Ruairidh, 1689	3.28 E	2.52	3.10	1. 6	1.25	
18	H	Latha Waterloo	9. 0 L	3.28	3.45	1.44	2. 2	
19	S	Breith Rìgh Seumas VI., 1566	3.28 E	4. 3	4.21	2.20	2.38	
20	D	Didonaich na Trianuid	9. 0 L	4.41	5. 1	2.56	3.15	
21	L	An la 's fhaide 's a' bhliadhna	3.28 E	5.20	5.39	3.34	3.53	
22	M	Latha Drochaid Boiséil, 1679	9. 0 L	6. 0	6.21	4.13	4.33	
23	C	[24] An fheill Eathain	3.28 E	6.44	7. 7	4.56	5.20	
24	D	Diordain Chuirp Chrìosta	9. 0 L	7.33	8. 2	5.46	6.13	
25	H	Bàs Raibeart Fhleming, 1694	3.39 E	8.32	9. 2	6.44	7.15	
26	S	Bàs an Ollaimh Mhic a' Ghobha, 1807	9. 0 L	9.36	10.10			
27	D	II. Donach na dèigh na Caingis.	3.29 E	10.39	11. 7	7.47	8.18	
28	L	Crìnach na Banrigh, 1838	9. 0 L	11.34	...	8.49	9.18	
29	M	La Pheadair 's Phoil	3.32 E	0. 1	0.26	9.47	10.13	
30	C	Bàs Mhr. Stiubhart Chill-Fhinn, 1789	9. 0 L	0.50	1.14	10.39	11. 5	

SMUGGLING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

BY JOHN MACDONALD, SUPERVISOR.*

THE origin of distillation is surrounded by doubt and uncertainty, like the origin of many other important inventions and discoveries. Tradition ascribes it to Osiris, the great god, and, perhaps, the first King of Egypt, who is said to have reclaimed the Egyptians from barbarism, and to have taught them agriculture and various arts and sciences. Whether the tradition be true or not, all will admit the beauty and fitness of the conception which ascribed to the gods the glory of having first revealed to poor humanity the secret of distilling the water of life, as *aqua vitæ* or *uisge-beatha*, whose virtues, as a source of solace, of comfort, of cheer, and of courage, have been so universally recognised and appreciated. Truly, such a gift was worthy of the gods.

But however beautiful the tradition of Osiris, and however much in accord with the eternal fitness of things the idea that the gods first taught man the art of distillation, a rival claim has been set up for the origin of the invention. It does not require a very lively imagination to picture some of the gods disrelishing their mild nectar, seeking more ardent and stimulating drink, visiting the haunts of men after the golden barley had been garnered, and engaging in a little smuggling on their own account. But even this reasonable view will not be accepted without challenge. The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in its article on alcohol—not written by Professor Robertson Smith—states that the art of separating alcohol from fermented liquors, which appears to have been known in the far East, from the most remote antiquity, is supposed to have been first known to and practised by the Chinese, whence the knowledge of the art travelled westward. Thus we find the merit of the invention disputed between the gods and the Chinese. I am myself half inclined in favour of the "Heathen Chinees." That ingenious people who, in the hoariest antiquity, invented the manufacture of silk and porcelain, the mariner's compass, the art of block-printing, and the composition of gunpowder, may well

* Read before the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

be allowed the merit of having invented the art of distilling alcohol. Osiris was intimately connected with the agriculture of Egypt, and, among the Chinese, agriculture has been honoured and encouraged beyond every other species of industry. So that if the Egyptian grew his barley, the Chinaman grew his rice, from which the Japanese at the present day distil their saké. Instead of being an inestimable blessing bestowed by the gods, it is just possible that the art of distilling alcohol, like the invention of gunpowder, may be traced to the heathen Chinese, and may be regarded as one of the greatest curses ever inflicted on mankind. Where doctors differ, it would be vain to dogmatise, and on such a point everyone must be fully persuaded in his own mind. Whether we can agree as to alcohol being a blessing or a curse, we can agree that the origin of distillation is at least doubtful, and that, perhaps, no record of it exists.

Early mention is made in the Bible of strong drink as distinguished from wine. Aaron was prohibited from drinking wine or strong drink when going into the Tabernacle. David complains that he was the song of the drinkers of strong drink. Lemuel's mother warns her son against the use of strong drink, and advises him to "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto him that is heavy of heart. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more"—words which, with characteristic tact and unerring good taste, our own National Bard used as a motto for "Scotch Drink," and paraphrased so exquisitely:—

"Gie him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair ;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care ;
There let him bouse and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves and debts,
An' minds his griefs no more."

But the strong drink of the Bible was not obtained by distillation. The Hebrew word "Yayin" means the wine of the grape, and is invariably rendered "wine," which was generally diluted before use. The word "Shechár," which is rendered "strong drink," is used to denote *date wine* and *barley wine*, which were fermented

liquors sufficiently potent to cause intoxication, and were made by the Egyptians from the earliest times. The early Hebrews were evidently unacquainted with the art of distillation.

Muspratt states that there is no evidence of the ancients having been acquainted with alcohol or ardent spirits, that, in fact, there is every reason to believe the contrary, and that distillation was unknown to them. He quotes the case of Dioscorides, a physician of the time of Nero (A.D., 54-68) who, in extracting quicksilver from cinnabar, luted a close cover of stone-ware to the top of his pot, thus showing that he was unacquainted with the method of attaching a receiver. Muspratt further states that neither poets, historians, naturalists, nor medical men make the slightest allusion to ardent spirits. This is more significant, as the earliest poets and historians make constant references to wine and ale, dilate on their virtues, and describe the mode of their manufacture.

The Egyptians, however, are said to have practised the art of distillation in the time of Dioclesian (A.D. 204-305), and are supposed to have communicated it to the Babylonians and Hebrews, who transmitted it westward to the Thracians, and Celtae of Spain and Gaul; but it was unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans. The distillation of aromatic waters is said to have been known from very remote times to the Arabians. The word "alcohol" is Arabic, meaning originally "fine powder," and becoming gradually to mean "essence," "pure spirit," the "very heart's blood," as Burn says of John Barleycorn. You remember the exclamation of poor Cassio when he sobered down after his drunken row:—"O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!" We have now got a name for the intoxicating element of fermented liquors, and call it *alcohol*, which may go some way to prove that the Arabians were early acquainted with the art of distillation. A rude kind of still, which is yet employed, has been used for distilling spirits in Ceylon from time immemorial, and Captain Cook found among the inhabitants of the Pacific Islands a knowledge of the art of distilling spirits from alcoholic infusions.

It is said the art was first introduced into Europe by the Moors of Spain about 1150. Abucasis, who lived about that time, is

spoken of as the first Western philosopher who taught the art of distillation, as applied to the preparation of spirits. In the following century, Arnoldus de Villa Nova, a chemist and physician, describes distilled spirit, and states that it was called by some the "water of life;" and about the same time Raymond Lully, a chemist, noticed a mode of producing intoxicating spirit by distillation. But, for my purpose, the most interesting fact is that shortly after the invasion of Ireland by Henry II. in 1170, the English found the Irish in the habit of making and drinking *aqua vite*. Whether the Irish Celts claim to have brought the knowledge of the art from their original seat in the far East, or to have more recently received it from Spain, I do not know, but, without having access to purely Irish sources of information, this is the earliest record I find of distilled spirits having been manufactured or used in the British Islands. Whether Highlanders will allow the Irish claim to Ossian or not, I fear it must be allowed they have a prior claim to the use of whisky.* *Uisge-beatha* is no doubt a literal translation of the Latin *aqua vite* (water of life), supposed to be a corruption of *aqua vite* (water of the vine). "The monasteries being the archives of science, and the original dispensaries of medicine, it is a natural surmise that the term *aqua vite* was there corrupted into the Latin and universal appellation, *aqua vite* (water of life) from its salutary and beneficial effects as a medicine; and, from the Latin tongue being the general conveyancer of scientific discovery, as well as of familiar correspondence, the term *aqua vite* may have crept into common use to signify an indefinite distilled spirit, in contradistinction to *aqua vite*, the mere extract of the grape."—(Muspratt.) Whisky is simply a corruption of the Gaelic *uisge* or *uisge-beatha*. The virtues of Irish whisky, and directions for making it, both simple and compound, are fully recorded in the Red Book of Ossory, compiled about 500 years ago. *Uisge-beatha* was first used in Ireland as medicine, and was considered a panacea for all disorders. The physicians recommended it to patients indiscriminately, for preserving health, dissipating humours, strength-

* My attention has been called to the fact that in Mr. Skene's "Four Ancient Books of Wales," the Gael are in some of the 6th or 7th century poems called "distillers," "furnace distillers," "kiln distillers."

ening the heart, curing colic, dropsy, palsy, &c., and even for prolonging existence itself beyond the common limit. It appears to have been used at one time to inspire heroism, as opium has been used among the Turks. An Irish knight, named Savage, about 1350, previously to engaging in battle, ordered to each soldier a large draught of aqua-vitæ. Four hundred years later we find Burns claiming a similar virtue for Highland whisky :—

“ But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is Royal George's will,
An' there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.”

And again, in that “ tale of truth,” “ Tam o' Shanter ”—

“ Wi' tippenny we fear na evil ;
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil.”

A similar idea is expressed in Strath-mathaisidh's Gaelic Song “ Communn an Uisge-bheatha.”—

“ Bidh iad làn misnich 'us cruadail,
Gu h-aigiontach brisg gu tuasaid,
Chuireadh aon fhichead 'san uair sin
Tearlach Ruadh fo'n chrùn duinn.”

By this time you are wondering what has become of the smugglers and Highland whisky. Although I did not expect to find that Adam, who, of course, spoke Gaelic and was no doubt a thorough Highlander, had engaged in smuggling outside the walls of Eden, or that the plucky Maclean, who sailed a boat of his own at the Flood, had an anchor of good old Highland whisky on board, yet, when I innocently undertook to write this paper, I must admit that I was under the impression that there was some notice of Highland whisky long before the 12th century. I had in view Ossian, sometime in the third or fourth century, spreading the feast and sending round the “ shell of joy ” brimming with real Highland uisge-beatha, “ yellowed with peat reek and mellowed with age.” After some investigation, I am forced to the conclusion that the Fingalians regaled themselves with *ale* or *mead*, not with whisky. There is nothing to show that they had whisky. The “ shell of joy ” went round in stormy Lochlin as

well as in streamy Morven, and we know that ale was the favourite drink of the Scandinavians before and after death. "In the halls of our father, Balder, we shall be drinking ale out of the hollow skulls of our enemies," sang fierce Lodbrog. The scallop-shell may seem small for mighty draughts of ale, but our ancestors knew how to brew their ale strong, and, as to the size of the shell, we learn from Juvenal that in his time shells were used by the Romans for drinking wine. Egyptian ale was nearly equal to wine in strength and flavour, and the Spaniards manufactured ale of such strength and quality that it would keep for a considerable time. However anxious to believe the contrary, I am of opinion that Ossian's shell was never filled with real uisge-beatha. But surely, I thought, Lady Macbeth must have given an extra glass or two of strong whisky to Duncan's grooms at Inverness, when they slept so soundly on the night of that terrible murder. I find that she only "drugged their possets," which were composed of hot milk poured on ale or sack, and mixed with honey, eggs, and other ingredients. At dinner the day after the murder Macbeth calls for wine,—“give me some wine, fill full;” so that wine, not whisky, was drunk at dinner in Inverness 800 years ago. There is no mention of whisky in *Macbeth*, or for centuries after, but we may safely conclude that a knowledge of the process of distillation must have been obtained very early from Ireland, where whisky was distilled and drunk in the twelfth century.

At a very remote period Highlanders made incisions in birch trees in spring, and collected the juice, which fermented and became a gentle stimulant. Most of us, when boys, have had our favourite birch tree, and enjoyed the *fion*. The Highlanders also prepared a liquor from the mountain heath. Lightfoot, in his *Flora Scotica*, (1777) says—"Formerly the young tops of the heather are said to have been used alone to brew a kind of ale, and even now I was informed that the inhabitants of Islay and Jura still continue to brew a very potable liquor by mixing two-thirds of the tops of heather to one-third of malt. It is a matter of history that Britain was once celebrated for honey, and it is quite probable that, when in full bloom and laden with honey, a fermentable infusion could be obtained from heather tops. Alcohol cannot, however, be obtained except from a saccharine basis,

and I fear that any beverage which could have been extracted from heather itself must have been of a very teetotal character. Mixed with malt something might be got out of it. Now, heather is only used by smugglers in the bottom of their mash-tun for draining purposes. I have often wondered whether Nature intended that our extensive heaths should be next to useless. The earliest mention of the drinking and manufacture of whisky in the Highlands is found in the famous "Statutes of Icolmkill," which were agreed to by the Island Chiefs in 1609. The Statutes, as summarised in Gregory's *Western Highlands and Islands*, are quoted in Mackenzie's *History of the Macdonalds*. "The fifth Statute proceeded upon the narrative, that one of the chief causes of the great poverty of the Isles, and of the cruelty and inhuman barbarity practised in their feuds, was their inordinate love of strong wines and aquavitæ, which they purchased partly from dealers among themselves, partly from merchants belonging to the mainland. Power was, therefore, given to any person whatever to seize, without payment, any wine or aquavitæ imported for sale by a native merchant; and if any Islander should buy any of the prohibited articles from a mainland trader, he was to incur the penalty of forty pounds for the first offence, one hundred for the second, and for the third the loss of his whole possessions and moveable goods. It was, however, declared to be lawful for an individual to brew as much aquavitæ as his own family might require; and the barons and wealthy gentlemen were permitted to purchase in the Lowlands the wine and other liquors required for their private consumption."

For some time after this, claret appears to have been the favourite drink. The author of *Scotland Social and Domestic*, states that notwithstanding the prohibition of 1609 against the importation and consumption of wine, the consumption of claret continued, and the Privy Council, in 1616, passed an "Act agans the drinking of Wynes in the Yllis," as follows:—

"Forsamekle as the grite and extraordinary excess in drinking of wyne commonlie vsit amangis the commonis and tenentis of the yllis is noȝ onlie ane occasioun of the beastlie and barbarous cruelties and inhumaniteis that fallis oute amongis thame to the offens and displeasour of God and contempt of law and justice, bot with that it drawis nvmberis of thame to miserable necessite and powertie sua that they ar constrainyt quhen they want of thair nichtbouris. For remeid quhairof the Lords of

Secret Counsell statvis and ordains, that nane of the tenentis and commonis of the Yllis sall at ony tyme heirefter by or drink ony wyne in the Yllis or continent nixt adiacent, vnder the pane of twenty poundis to be incurrit be every contravenare *toties quoties*. The ane half of the said pane to the King's Maiestie and the vther half to their maisteris and landlordis and chiftanes. Commanding heirby the maisteris landislordis and chiftanes to the sadis tenentis and commonis euery ane of thame within their awine boundis to sie thir present act preceislie and inviolablie kept, and the contravenaries to mak rekning and payment of the ane half of the said panes in Maiesteis exchequir yierlie and to apply the vther half of the saidis panes to thair awne vse."

In 1622 a more stringent measure was passed, termed an "Act that nane send wyne to the Ilis," as follows:—

"Forsamekle as it is vnderstand to the Lordis of secreit counsell that one of the cheiff caussis whilk procuris the continewance of the inhabitants of the Ilis in their barbarous and inciuile form of leeuving is the grite quantitie of wyne yierlie caryed to the Ilis with the vnsatiable desire quhair of the saidis inhabitants are so far possesst, that quhen their arryvis ony ship or other veshell thair with wyne they spend bothe dayis and nightis in thair excesse of drinking, and seldome do they leave thair drinking so lang as thair is ony of the wyne rest and sua that being overcome with drink thair fallis out money inconvenientis amangis thame to the brek of his Maiesteis peace. And quhairas the cheftanes and principallis of the clannis in the yllis ar actit to take suche ordour with thair tenentis as nane of thame be sufferit to drink wyne, yitt so long as thair is ony wyne caryed to the Ilis thay will hardlie be withdrane from thair evil custome of drinking, bot will follow the same and continew thairin whensoever they may find the occasoun. For remeid quhair of in tyme coming the Lordis of secreit Counsell ordanis lettres to be direct to command charge and inhibite all and sindrie marsheantis, skipparis and awnaris of shippis and veshells, be oppin proclamation at all places neidful, that nane of them presoume nor tak upon hand to carye and transport ony wyne to the Ilis, nor to sell the same to the inhabitants of the Ilis, except so mekle as is allowed to the principall chiftanes and gentlemen of the Ilis, vnder the pane of confiscatioun of the whole wyne so to be caryed and sauld in the Ilis aganis the tenour of this proclamatioun, or els of the avall and pryceis of the same to his Maiesties vse."

"These repressive measures," the author continues, "deprived the Hebrideans of the wines of Bordeaux, but did not render them more temperate. They had recourse to more potent beverages. Their ancestors extracted a spirit from the mountain heath; they now distilled usque-beatha or whisky. Whisky became a greater favourite than claret, and was drunk copiously, not only in the Hebrides, but throughout the Highlands. It did not become common in the Lowlands until the latter part of the last century. The Lowland baron or yeoman who relished a liquor more powerful than claret formerly used rum or brandy."

Whisky was little used among the better classes for upwards

of a hundred years after this. "Till 1780," says the same author, "claret was imported free of duty, and was much used among the middle and upper classes, the price being about fivepence the bottle. Noblemen stored hogsheads of claret in their halls, making them patent to all visitors; guests received a cup of wine when they entered, and another on their departure. The potations of those who frequented dinner-parties were enormous; persons who could not drink remained at home. A landlord was considered inhospitable who permitted any of his guests to retire without their requiring the assistance of his servants. Those who tarried for the night, found in their bedrooms a copious supply of ale, wine, and brandy to allay the thirst superinduced by their previous potations. Those who insisted on returning home were rendered still more incapable of prosecuting their journeys by being compelled, according to the inexorable usage, to swallow a *deoch-an-doruis*, or stirrup-cup, which was commonly a vessel of very formidable dimensions."

(To be continued.)

